

# BLAME IT ON THE GIRLS.

Written and Composed by James Thornton.

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No matter what happens to men now-a-days,  
They blame it all on to the girls;  
If they spend their money like poor silly jays,  
They blame it all on to the girls;  
If you meet a man who hasn't got a cent,  
And ask "why all his money he spent,"  
I'll bet ten to one that this foolish gent,  
Will blame it on to the girls.

CHORUS.

But you can't do without them, you wouldn't if you could  
Some of them are naughty and some of them are good.  
When you spend your money different than you should,  
You blame it on to the girls.

When a man is awakened by the baby through the night  
He blames it all on to the girls;  
At four in the morning the fire he must light,  
He blames it all on to the girls;  
He cries out oh, woman, you're the cause of all my sins,  
The baby pulls his whiskers and at his papa grins,  
He goes and gets loaded when he learns he has twins,  
And blames it on to the girls.

But you can't do without, &c.

The other day I met a man with plasters on his head,  
He blamed it all on to the girls;  
He said he once was happy but that's before he wed,  
And he blamed it all on to the girls;  
It took all he earned to buy his wife a sealskin sacque,  
While his clothes are in hock and are hanging on the rack,  
His leg is pulled out of joint, he can't get it back,  
And he blames it on to the girls.

But you can't do without, &c.

When a man's arrested for a breach of promise case,  
He blames it all on to the girls;  
To settle the question the Judge he must face,  
And he blames it all on to the girls;  
With tears in her eyes she says my poor young heart  
is broke,  
The man says he was only fooling when he spoke,  
But it cost him fifty thousand to keep up the joke,  
And he blames it on to the girls.

But you can't do without, &c.